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RILEY FAIRY TALES







# RILEY FAIRY TALES

*By*  
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*With Illustrations by*  
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## AN IMPROMPTU FAIRY TALE

*When I wuz ist a little bit o' weenty-teenty kid  
I maked up a Fairy-tale, all by myse'f, I did:—*

### I

WUNST upon a time wunst  
They wuz a Fairy King,  
An' ever'thing he have wuz *gold*—  
His clo'es, an' *ever'thing*!



## AN IMPROMPTU FAIRY TALE

An' all the other Fairies  
In his goldun Palace-hall  
Had to hump an' hustle—  
'Cause he was bosst of all!

### II

He have a goldun trumput,  
An' when he blow' on that,  
It's a sign he want' his boots,  
Er his coat er hat:  
They's a sign fer ever'thing,—  
An' all the Fairies knowed  
Ever' sign, an' come a-hoppin'  
When the King blowed!

### III

Wunst he blowed an' telled 'em all:  
"Saddle up yer bees—  
Fireflies is gittin' fat  
An' sassy as you please!—  
Guess we'll go a-huntin'!"  
So they hunt' a little bit,  
Till the King blowed "Supper-time,"  
Nen they all quit.



AN IMPROMPTU FAIRY TALE

IV

Nen they have a Banqut  
In the Palace-hall,  
An' ist et! an' et! an' et!  
Nen they have a *Ball*;  
An' when the *Queen* o' Fairyland  
Come p'omenadin' through,  
The King says an' halts her,—  
“Guess I'll marry you!”



## CHRISTINE'S SONG

UP IN Tentoleena Land—

Tentoleena! Tentoleena!

All the Dollies, hand in hand,

Mina, Nainie, and Serena,

Dance the Fairy fancy dances,

With glad songs and starry glances,

Lisping roundelays; and, after,

Bird-like interludes of laughter

Strewn and scattered o'er the lawn

Their gilt sandals twinkle on

Through light mists of silver sand—

Up in Tentoleena Land.

Up in Tentoleena Land—

Tentoleena! Tentoleena!

Blares the eery Elfin band—

Trumpet, harp and concertina—

Larkspur bugle—honeysuckle

Cornet, with quickstep chuckle

In its golden throat; and, maybe,

Lilies-of-the-valley they be



## CHRISTINE'S SONG

Baby-silver-bells that chime  
Musically all the time,  
Tossed about from hand to hand—  
Up in Tentoleena Land.

Up in Tentoleena Land—  
Tentoleena! Tentoleena!  
Dollies dark, and blond and bland—  
Sweet as musk-rose or verbena—  
Sweet as moon-blown daffodillies,  
Or wave-jostled water-lilies  
Yearning to'rd the rose-mouths, ready  
Leaning o'er the river's eddy,—  
Dance, and glancing fling to you,  
Through these lines you listen to,  
Kisses blown from lip and hand  
Out of Tentoleena Land!





## THE PIXY PEOPLE

IT WAS just a very  
Merry fairy dream!—  
All the woods were airy  
With the gloom and gleam;  
Crickets in the clover  
Clattered clear and strong,  
And the bees droned over  
Their old honey-song!



## THE PIXY PEOPLE

In the mossy passes,  
    Saucy grasshoppers  
Leaped about the grasses  
    And the thistle-burs;  
And the whispered chuckle  
    Of the katydid  
Shook the honeysuckle-  
    Blossoms where he hid.

Through the breezy mazes  
    Of the lazy June,  
Drowsy with the hazes  
    Of the dreamy noon,  
Little Pixy people  
    Winged above the walk,  
Pouring from the steeple  
    Of a mullein-stalk.

One—a gallant fellow—  
    Evidently King,—  
Wore a plume of yellow  
    In a jeweled ring  
On a pansy bonnet,  
    Gold and white and blue,  
With the dew still on it,  
    And the fragrance, too.

## THE PIXY PEOPLE

One—a dainty lady,—  
Evidently Queen—  
Wore a gown of shady  
Moonshine and green,  
With a lace of gleaming  
Starlight that sent  
All the dewdrops dreaming  
Everywhere she went.

One wore a waistcoat  
Of rose-leaves, out and in;  
And one wore a faced-coat  
Of tiger-lily-skin;  
And one wore a neat coat  
Of palest galingale;  
And one a tiny street-coat,  
And one a swallow-tail.

And Ho! sang the King of them,  
And Hey! sang the Queen;  
And round and round the ring of them  
Went dancing o'er the green;  
And Hey! sang the Queen of them,  
And Ho! sang the King—  
And all that I had seen of them  
—Wasn't anything!



## THE PIXY PEOPLE

It was just a very  
Merry fairy dream!—  
All the woods were airy  
With the gloom and gleam;  
Crickets in the clover  
Clattered clear and strong,  
And the bees droned over  
Their old honey-song.



## JACK THE GIANT-KILLER

### *Bad Boy's Version*

TELL you a story—an' it's a fac':—  
Wunst wuz a little boy, name wuz Jack,  
An' he had sword an' buckle an' strap  
Maked of gold, an' a "'visibul cap";  
An' he killed Gi'nts 'at et whole cows—  
Th' horns an' all—an' pigs an' sows!  
But Jack, his golding sword wuz, oh!  
So awful sharp 'at he could go  
An' cut th' ole Gi'nts clean in two  
'Fore 'ey knowed what he wuz goin' to do!  
An' *one* ole Gi'nt, he had four  
Heads, an' name wuz "Bumblebore"—  
An' he wuz feared o' Jack—'cause he,  
*Jack*, he killed six—five—ten—three,  
An' all o' th' uther ole Gi'nts but him:  
An' thay wuz a place Jack haf to swim  
'Fore he could git t' ole "Bumblebore"—  
Nen thay wuz "griffuns" at the door:  
But Jack, he thist plunged in an' swum  
Clean acrost; an' when he come







## JACK THE GIANT-KILLER

To th' uther side, he thist put on  
His "'visibul cap," an' nen, dog-gone!  
You couldn't see him at all!—An' so  
He slewed the "griffuns"—*boff*, you know!  
Nen wuz a horn hunged over his head,  
High on th' wall, an' words 'at read,—  
"Whoever kin this trumpet blow  
Shall cause the Gi'nt's overth'ow!"  
An' Jack, he thist reached up an' blowed  
The stuffin' out of it! an' th'owed  
Th' castul gates wide open, an'  
Nen tuk his gold sword in his han',  
An' thist marched in t' ole "Bumblebore,"  
An', 'fore he knowed, he put 'bout four  
Heds on him—an' chopped 'em off, too!—  
Wisht 'at *I'd* been Jack!—don't you?







## UNCLE BRIGHTENS UP

UNCLE he says 'at 'way down in the sea  
Ever'thing's ist like it *used* to be:—  
He says they's mermaids an' mermans, too,  
An' little merchildern, like me an' you—  
Little merboys, with tops an' balls,  
An' little mergirls, with little merdolls.



## OLD GRANNY DUSK

OLD Granny Dusk, when the sun goes,  
Here *she* comes into thish-*yer* town!  
Out o' the wet black woods an' swamps  
In she traipses an' trails an' tromps—  
With her old sunbonnet all floppy an' brown,  
An' her cluckety shoes, an' her old black gown,  
Here *she* comes into thish-*yer* town!



## OLD GRANNY DUSK

Old Granny Dusk, when the bats begin  
To flap around, comes a-trompin' in!  
An' the katydids they rasp an' whir,  
An' the lightnin'-bugs all blink at *her*;  
An' the old Top-toad turns in his thumbs,  
An' the bunglin' June-bug booms an' bums,  
An' the Bullfrog croaks, "O here *she* comes!"

Old Granny Dusk, though I'm 'feard o' you,  
Shore-fer-certain I'm sorry, too:  
'Cause you look as lonesome an' starved an' sad  
As a mother 'at's lost ever' child she had.—  
Yet never a child in thish-yer town  
Clings at yer hand er yer old black gown,  
Er kisses the face you're a-bendin' down.





## THE JOLLY MILLER

IT WAS a Jolly Miller lived on the River Dee;  
He looked upon his piller, and there he found a flea:  
“O Mr. Flea! you have bit me,  
And you shall shorely die!”  
So he scrunched his bones ag’inst the stones—  
And there he let him lie!



## THE JOLLY MILLER

'Twas then the Jolly Miller he laughed and told his  
wife,  
And *she* laughed fit to kill her, and dropped her carving  
knife!—

“O Mr. Flea!” “Ho-ho!” “Tee-hee!”

They *both* laughed fit to kill,  
Until the sound did almost drown  
The rumble of the mill!

*“Laugh on, my Jolly Miller! and Missus Miller, too!—  
But there’s a weeping-willer will soon wave over you!”*

The voice was all so awful small—

So very small and slim!—

He durst’ infer that it was her,  
Ner her infer ’twas him!

That night the Jolly Miller, says he, “It’s, Wifey dear,  
That cat o’ yourn, I’d kill her!—her actions is so  
queer,—

She’s rubbin’ ’g’inst the grindstone-legs,

And yowlin’ at the sky—

And I ’low the moon hain’t greener  
Than the yaller of her eye!”

## THE JOLLY MILLER

And as the Jolly Miller went chuckle-un to bed,  
Was *Somepin'* jerked his piller from underneath his  
head!

“O Wife,” says he, on-easi-lee,  
“Fetch here that lantern there!”  
But *Somepin'* moans in thunder-tones,  
“*You tetch it ef you dare!*”

'Twas then the Jolly Miller he trimbled and he  
quailed—  
And his wife choked until her breath come back, 'n'  
she *wailed!*

And “Oh!” cried she, “it is *the Flea*,  
All white and pale and wann—  
He's got you in his clutches, and  
*He's bigger than a man!*”

“*Ho! ho! my Jolly Miller*” (*fer 'twas the Flea, fer  
shore!*),  
“*I reckon you'll not rack my bones ner scrunch 'em any  
more!*”

Then *the Flea-Ghost* he grabbed him clos't,  
With many a ghastly smile,  
And from the door-step stooped and hopped  
About four hunderd mile!





## MAYMIE'S STORY OF RED RIDING-HOOD

WY, ONE time wuz a little-weenty dirl,  
An' she wuz named Red Riding-Hood, 'cause her—  
Her *Ma* she maked a little red cloak fer her  
'At-turnt up over her head.—An' it 'uz all  
Ist one piece o' red cardinal 'at's like  
The drate-long stockin's the storekeepers has.—

## MAYMIE'S STORY OF RED RIDING-HOOD

Oh! it 'uz purtiest cloak in all the world  
An' *all* this town er anywheres they is!  
An' so, one day, her Ma she put it on  
Red Riding-Hood, she did—one day, she did—  
An' it 'uz *Sund'y*—'cause the little cloak  
It 'uz too nice to wear ist *ever*' day  
An' *all* the time!—An' so her Ma, she put  
It on Red Riding-Hood—an' telled her not  
To dit no dirt on it ner dit it mussed  
Ner nothin'! An'—an'—nen her Ma she dot  
Her little basket out, 'at Old Kriss bringed  
Her wunst—one time, he did. An' nen she fill'  
It full o' whole lots an' 'bundance o' dood things t' eat  
(Allus my Dran'ma *she* says "'bundance," too.)  
An' so her Ma fill' little Red Riding-Hood's  
Nice basket all ist full o' dood things t' eat,  
An' tell her take 'em to her old Dran'ma—  
An' not to *spill* 'em, neever—'cause ef she  
'Ud stump her toe an' spill 'em, her Dran'ma  
She'll haf to *punish* her!

An nen—An' so  
Little Red Riding-Hood she p'omised she  
'Ud be all careful nen, an' cross' her heart  
'At she won't run an' spill 'em all fer six—  
Five—ten—two-hundred-bushel-dollars-gold!  
An' nen she kiss' her Ma doo'-by an' went  
A-skippin' off—away fur off frough the







## MAYMIE'S STORY OF RED RIDING-HOOD

Big woods, where her Dran'ma she live at—No!—  
She didn't do *a-skippin'*, like I said:—  
She ist went *walkin'*—careful-like an' slow—  
Ist like a little lady—walkin' 'long  
As all polite an' nice—an' slow—an' straight—  
An' turn her toes—ist like she's marchin' in  
The Sund'y-School k-session!

An'—an'—so

She 'uz a-doin' along—an' doin' along—  
On frough the drate-big woods—'cause her Dran'ma  
She live 'way, 'way fur off frough the big woods  
From *her* Ma's house. So when Red Riding-Hood  
Dit to do there, she allus have most fun—  
When she do frough the drate-big woods, you know.—  
'Cause she ain't feard a bit o' anything!  
An' so she sees the little hoppty-birds  
'At's in the trees, an' flyin' all around,  
An' singin' dlad as ef their parunts said  
They'll take 'em to the magic-lantern show!  
An' she 'ud pull the purty flowers an' things  
A-growin' round the stumps.—An' she 'ud ketch  
The purty butterflies, an' drasshoppers,  
An' stick pins frough 'em—No!—I ist *said* that!—  
'Cause she's too dood an' kind an' 'bedient  
To *hurt* things thataway.—She'd *ketch* 'em, though,  
An' ist *play* wiv 'em ist a little while,



## MAYMIE'S STORY OF RED RIDING-HOOD

An' nen she'd let 'em fly away, she would,  
An' ist skip on ad'in to her Dran'ma's.

An' so, while she 'uz doin' 'long an' 'long,  
First thing you know they 'uz a drate-big old  
Mean wicked Wolf jumped out 'at wanted t' eat  
Her up, but *dassent* to—'cause wite clos't there  
They wuz a Man a-choppin' wood, an' you  
Could *hear* him.—So the old Wolf he 'uz *feard*  
Only to ist be *kind* to her.—So he  
Ist 'tended-like he wuz dood friends to her  
An' says, "Dood morning, little Red Riding-Hood!"—  
All ist as kind!

An' nen Riding-Hood

She say "Dood morning" too—all kind an' nice—  
Ist like her Ma she learn'—No!—mustn't say  
"Learn'," 'cause "*learn*" it's unproper.—So she say  
It like her *Ma* she "*teached*" her.—An' so she  
Ist says "Dood morning" to the Wolf—'cause she  
Don't know ut-all 'at he's a *wicked* Wolf  
An' want to eat her up!

Nen old Wolf smile

An' say, so kind: "Where air you doin' at?"  
Nen little Red Riding-Hood she say: "I'm doin'  
To my Dran'ma's, 'cause my Ma say I might."  
Nen, when she tell him that, the old Wolf he  
Ist turn an' light out frough the big thick woods,

## MAYMIE'S STORY OF RED RIDING-HOOD

Where she can't see him any more. An' so  
She think he's went to *his* house—but he hain't,—  
He's went to her Dran'ma's, to be there first—  
An' *ketch* her, ef she don't watch mighty sharp  
What she's about!



An' nen when the old Wolf  
Dit to her Dran'ma's house, he's purty smart,—  
An' so he 'tend-like *he's* Red Riding-Hood,  
An' knock at th' door. An' Riding-Hood's Dran'ma  
She's sick in bed an' can't come to the door  
An' open it. So th' old Wolf knock' *two* times.  
An' nen Red Riding-Hood's Dran'ma she says,  
"Who's there?" she says. An' old Wolf 'tends-like he's  
Little Red Riding-Hood, you know, an' make'



## MAYMIE'S STORY OF RED RIDING-HOOD

His voice soun' ist like hers, an' says: "It's me, Dran'ma—an' I'm Red Riding-Hood an' I'm Ist come to *see* you."

Nen her old Dran'ma  
She think it *is* little Red Riding-Hood,  
An' so she say: "Well, come in nen an' make  
You'se'f at home," she says, "'cause I'm down sick  
In bed, an' got the 'ralgia, so's I can't  
Dit up an' let ye in."

An' so th' old Wolf  
Ist march' in nen an' shet the door ad'in,  
An' *drowl'*, he did, an' *splunge'* up on the bed  
An' et up old Miz Riding-Hood 'fore she  
Could put her specs on an' see who it wuz.—  
An' so she never knowed *who* et her up!

An' nen the wicked Wolf he ist put on  
Her nightcap, an' -all covered up in bed—  
Like he wuz *her*, you know.

Nen, purty soon  
Here come along little Red Riding-Hood,  
An' *she* knock' at the door. An' old Wolf 'tend-  
Like *he's* her Dran'ma; an' he say, "Who's there?"  
Ist like her Dran'ma say, you know. An' so  
Little Red Riding-Hood she say: "It's *me*,  
Dran'ma—an' I'm Red Riding-Hood an' I'm  
Ist come to *see* you."

## MAYMIE'S STORY OF RED RIDING-HOOD

An' nen old Wolf nen  
He cough an' say: "Well, come in nen an' make  
You'se'f at home," he says, "'cause I'm down sick  
In bed, an' got the 'ralgia, so's I can't  
Dit up an' let ye in."

An' so she think  
It's her Dran'ma a-talkin'.—So she ist  
Open' the door an' come in, an' set down  
Her basket, an' taked off her things, an' bringed  
A chair an' clumbed up on the bed, wite by  
The old big Wolf she thinks is her Dran'ma—  
Only she thinks the old Wolf's dot whole lots  
More bigger ears, an' lots more whiskers, too,  
Than her Dran'ma; an' so Red Riding-Hood  
She's kind o' skeered a little. So she says,  
"Oh, Dran'ma, what *big eyes* you dot!" An' nen  
The old Wolf says: "They're ist big thataway  
'Cause I'm so dlad to see you!"

Nen she says,  
"Oh, Dran'ma, what a drate-big nose you dot!"  
Nen th' old Wolf says: "It's ist big thataway  
Ist 'cause I smell the dood things 'at you bringed  
Me in the basket!"

An' nen Riding-Hood  
She says, "Oh-me-oh-*my!* Dran'ma! what big  
White long sharp teeth you dot!"



## MAYMIE'S STORY OF RED RIDING-HOOD

Nen old Wolf says:

“Yes—an’ they’re thataway”—an’ drowled—  
“They’re thataway,” he says, “to *eat* you wiv!”  
An’ nen he ist *jump*’ at her.—

But she *scream*’—

An’ *scream*’, she did.—So’s ’at the Man  
'At wuz a-choppin’ wood, you know,—*he* hear,  
An’ come a-runnin’ in there wiv his ax;  
An’, ’fore the old Wolf know’ what he’s about,  
He split his old brains out an’ killed him s’ quick  
It make’ his head swim!—An’ Red Riding-Hood  
She wuzn’t hurt at all!

An’ the big Man

He tooked her all safe home, he did, an’ tell  
Her Ma she’s all right an’ ain’t hurt at all  
An’ old Wolf’s dead an’ killed—an’ ever’thing!—  
So her Ma wuz so tickled an’ so proud,  
She gived *him* all the good things t’ eat they wuz  
'At’s in the basket, an’ she tell’ him ’at  
She’s much oblige’, an’ say to “call ad’in.”  
An’ story’s honest *truth*—an’ all so, too!

## THE GREAT EXPLORER

HE SAILED o'er the weltery watery miles  
For a tabular year-and-a-day,  
To the kindless, kinkable Cannibal Isles  
He sailed and he sailed away!  
He captured a loon in a wild lagoon,  
And a yak that weeps and smiles,  
And a bustard-bird, and a blue baboon,  
In the kindless Cannibal Isles  
And wilds  
Of the kinkable Cannibal Isles.

He swiped in bats with his butterfly-net,  
In the kindless Cannibal Isles  
And got short-waisted and over-het  
In the haunts of the crocodiles;  
And nine or ten little Pigmy Men  
Of the quaintest shapes and styles  
He shipped back home to his old Aunt Jenn,  
From the kindless Cannibal Isles  
And wilds  
Of the kinkable Cannibal Isles.





## THROUGH SLEEPY-LAND

WHERE do you go when you go to sleep,  
Little Boy! Little Boy! where?  
'Way—'way in where's Little Bo-Peep,  
And Little Boy Blue, and the Cows and Sheep  
A-wandering 'way in there—in there—  
A-wandering 'way in there!

## THROUGH SLEEPY-LAND

And what do you see when lost in dreams,  
Little Boy, 'way in there?  
Firefly-glimmers and glowworm gleams,  
And silvery, low, slow-sliding streams,  
And mermaids, smiling out—'way in where  
They're a-hiding—'way in there!

Where do you go when the Fairies call,  
Little Boy! Little Boy! where?  
Wade through the dews of the grasses tall,  
Hearing the weir and the waterfall  
And the Wee Folk—'way in there—in there—  
And the Kelpies—'way in there!

And what do you do when you wake at dawn,  
Little Boy! Little Boy! what?  
Hug my Mommy and kiss her on  
Her smiling eyelids, sweet and wan,  
And tell her everything I've forgot,  
A-wandering 'way in there—in there—  
Through the blind-world 'way in there!





## A HOME-MADE FAIRY TALE

BUD, come here to your uncle a spell,  
And I'll tell you something you mustn't tell—  
For it's a secret and shore-'nuf true,  
And maybe I oughtn't to tell it to you!—  
But out in the garden, under the shade  
Of the apple trees, where we romped and played  
Till the moon was up, and you thought I'd gone  
Fast asleep,—That was all put on!  
For I was a-watchin' something queer  
Goin' on there in the grass, my dear!—

## A HOME-MADE FAIRY TALE

'Way down deep in it, there I see  
A little dude-Fairy who winked at me,  
And snapped his fingers, and laughed as low  
And fine as the whine of a mus-kee-to!  
I kept still—watchin' him closer—and  
I noticed a little guitar in his hand,  
Which he leant 'g'inst a little dead bee—and laid  
His cigarette down on a clean grass-blade,  
And then climbed up on the shell of a snail—  
Carefully dusting his swallowtail—  
And pulling up, by a waxed web-thread,  
This little guitar, you remember, I said!  
And there he trinkled and trilled a tune,—  
“My Love, so Fair, Tans in the Moon!”  
Till, presently, out of the clover-top  
He seemed to be singing to, came, k'pop!  
The purtiest, daintiest Fairy face  
In all this world, or any place!  
Then the little ser'nader waved his hand,  
As much as to say, “We'll excuse *you!*” and  
I heard, as I squinted my eyelids to,  
A kiss like the drip of a drop of dew!





## DAS KRIST KINDEL

I HAD fed the fire and stirred it, till the sparkles in  
delight  
Snapped their saucy little fingers at the chill December  
night;  
And in dressing-gown and slippers, I had tilted back  
“my throne”—  
The old split-bottomed rocker—and was musing all  
alone.

DAS KRIST KINDEL

I could hear the hungry Winter prowling round the  
outer door,  
And the tread of muffled footsteps on the white piazza  
floor;  
But the sounds came to me only as the murmur of a  
stream  
That mingled with the current of a lazy-flowing dream.

Like a fragrant incense rising, curled the smoke of my  
cigar,  
With the lamplight gleaming through it like a mist-  
enfolded star;—  
And as I gazed, the vapor like a curtain rolled away,  
With a sound of bells that tinkled, and the clatter of a  
sleigh.

And in a vision, painted like a picture in the air,  
I saw the elfish figure of a man with frosty hair—  
A quaint old man that chuckled with a laugh as he  
appeared,  
And with ruddy cheeks like embers in the ashes of his  
beard.

He poised himself grotesquely, in an attitude of mirth,  
On a damask-covered hassock that was sitting on the  
hearth;







## DAS KRIST KINDEL

And at a magic signal of his stubby little thumb,  
I saw the fireplace changing to a bright proscenium.

And looking there, I marveled as I saw a mimic stage  
Alive with little actors of a very tender age;  
And some so very tiny that they tottered as they  
walked,  
And lisped and purled and gurgled like the brooklets,  
when they talked.

And their faces were like lilies, and their eyes like  
purest dew,  
And their tresses like the shadows that the shine is  
woven through;  
And they each had little burdens, and a little tale to  
tell  
Of fairy lore, and giants, and delights delectable.

And they mixed and intermingled, weaving melody  
with joy,  
Till the magic circle clustered round a blooming baby-  
boy;  
And they threw aside their treasures in an ecstasy of  
glee,  
And bent, with dazzled faces and with parted lips, to  
see.



DAS KRIST KINDEL

'Twas a wondrous little fellow, with a dainty double-  
chin,  
And chubby cheeks, and dimples for the smiles to blossom in;  
And he looked as ripe and rosy, on his bed of straw  
and reeds,  
As a mellow little pippin that had tumbled in the  
weeds.

And I saw the happy mother, and a group surrounding her  
That knelt with costly presents of frankincense and  
myrrh;  
And I thrilled with awe and wonder, as a murmur on  
the air  
Came drifting o'er the hearing in a melody of  
prayer:—

*By the splendor in the heavens, and the hush upon the  
sea,  
And the majesty of silence reigning over Galilee,—  
We feel Thy kingly presence, and we humbly bow the  
knee  
And lift our hearts and voices in gratefulness to Thee.  
Thy messenger has spoken, and our doubts have fled  
and gone  
As the dark and spectral shadows of the night before  
the dawn;*

DAS KRIST KINDEL

*And, in the kindly shelter of the light around us drawn,  
We would nestle down forever in the breast we lean  
upon.*

*You have given us a shepherd—You have given us a  
guide,  
And the light of Heaven grew dimmer when You sent  
him from Your side,—  
But he comes to lead Thy children where the gates will  
open wide  
To welcome his returning when his works are glorified.*

*By the splendor in the heavens, and the hush upon the  
sea,  
And the majesty of silence reigning over Galilee,—  
We feel Thy kingly presence, and we humbly bow the  
knee  
And lift our hearts and voices in gratefulness to Thee.*

*Then the vision, slowly failing, with the words of the  
refrain,  
Fell swooning in the moonlight through the frosty  
window-pane;  
And I heard the clock proclaiming, like an eager sen-  
tinel  
Who brings the world good tidings,—“It is Christmas  
—all is well!”*



## THE BEE-BAG

WHEN I was ist a Brownie — a weenty-teenty  
Brownie—

Long afore I got to be like Childerns is to-day,—  
My good old Brownie granny gimme sweeter thing 'an  
can'y—

An' 'at's my little bee-bag the Fairies stold away!

O my little bee-bag—

My little funny bee-bag—

My little honey bee-bag

The Fairies stold away!

One time when I bin swung in wiv annuver Brownie  
young-un

An' lef' sleepin' in a pea-pod while our parents went  
to play,

I waked up ist a-cryin' an' a-sobbin' an' a-sighin'

Fer my little funny bee-bag the Fairies stold away!

O my little bee-bag—

My little funny bee-bag—

My little honey bee-bag

The Fairies stold away!

## THE BEE-BAG

It's awful much bewilder'n', but 'at's why I'm a *Childern*,

Ner goin' to git to be no more a Brownie sence that day!

My parunts, so imprudent, lef' me sleepin' when they shouldn't!

An' I want my little bee-bag the Fairies stold away!

O my little bee-bag—

My little funny bee-bag—

My little honey bee-bag

The Fairies stold away!





A SEA-SONG FROM THE SHORE

HAIL! Ho!  
Sail! Ho!  
Ahoy! Ahoy! Ahoy!  
Who calls to me,  
So far at sea?  
Only a little boy!

Sail! Ho!  
Hail! Ho!  
The sailor he sails the sea:  
I wish he would capture  
A little sea-horse  
And send him home to me.

I wish, as he sails  
Through the tropical gales,

A SEA-SONG FROM THE SHORE

He would catch me a sea-bird, too,  
With its silver wings  
And the song it sings,  
And its breast of down and dew!

I wish he would catch me a  
Little mermaid,  
Some island where he lands,  
With her dripping curls,  
And her crown of pearls,  
And the looking-glass in her hands!

Hail! Ho!  
Sail! Ho!  
Sail far o'er the fabulous main!  
And if I were a sailor,  
I'd sail with you,  
Though I never sailed back again.





## THE LITTLE DOG-WOGGY

A LITTLE Dog-Woggy  
Once walked round the World:  
So he shut up his house; and, forgetting  
His two puppy-children  
Locked in there, he curled  
Up his tail in pink bombazine netting,  
And set out  
To walk round  
The World.

He walked to Chicago,  
And heard of the Fair—  
Walked on to New York, where he *never*,—  
In fact, he discovered  
That many folks there  
Thought less of Chicago than ever,  
As he musing-  
Ly walked round  
The World.

## THE LITTLE DOG-WOGGY

He walked on to Boston,  
And round Bunker Hill,  
Bow-wowed, but no citizen heerd him—  
Till he ordered his baggage  
And called for his bill,  
And then, bless their souls! how they cheered  
him,  
As he gladly  
Walked on round  
The world.

He walked and walked on  
For a year and a day—  
Dropped down at his own door and panted,  
Till a teamster came driving  
Along the highway  
And told him that house there was ha'nted  
By the two starve-  
Dest pups in  
The World.





## A BEAR FAMILY

WUNZT, 'way West in Illinoise,  
Wuz two Bears an' their two boys:  
An' the two boys' names, you know,  
Wuz—like *ours* is,—Jim an' Jo;  
An' their *parunts'* names wuz same's  
All big grown-up people's names,—  
Ist *Miz* Bear, the neighbors call  
'Em, an' *Mister* Bear—'at's all.  
Yes—an' *Miz* Bear scold him, too,  
Ist like grown folks *shouldn't* do!

## A BEAR FAMILY

Wuz a grea'-big river there,  
An', 'crosst that, 's a mountain where  
Old Bear said some day he'd go,  
Ef she don't quit scoldin' so!  
So, one day when he been down  
The river, fishin', 'most to town,  
An' come back 'thout no fish a-tall,  
An' Jim an' Jo they run an' bawl  
An' tell their ma their pa hain't fetch'  
No fish,—she scold again an' ketch  
Her old broom up an' biff him, too.—  
An' he ist cry, an' say, "*Boo-hoo!*  
*I told* you what I'd do some day!"  
An' he ist turned an' runned away  
To where's the grea'-big river there,  
An' ist *splunged* in an' swum to where  
The mountain's at, 'way th' other side,  
An' clumbed up there. An' Miz Bear *cried*—  
An' little Jo an' little Jim—  
Ist like their ma—bofe cried fer him!—  
But he clumbed on, *clean out o' sight*,  
He wuz so mad!—An' served 'em right!  
Nen—when the Bear got 'way on top  
The mountain, he heerd somepin' flop  
Its wings—an' somepin' else he heerd  
A-rattlin'-like.—An' he wuz *skeered*,







## A BEAR FAMILY

An' looked 'way up, an'—*Mercy sake!*  
It wuz a' Eagul an' a SNAKE!  
An'-sir! the Snake, he bite an' kill'  
The Eagul, an' they bofe fall till  
They strike the ground—*k'spang-k'spat!*  
Wite where the Bear wuz standin' at!  
An' when here come the Snake at *him*,  
The Bear he think o' little Jim  
An' Jo, he did—an' their ma, too,—  
All safe at home; an' he ist flew  
Back down the mountain—an' could hear  
The old Snake rattlin', sharp an' clear,  
Wite clos't behind!—An' Bear he's so  
All tired out, by time, you know,  
He git down to the river there,  
He know' he can't *swim* back to where  
His folks is at. But ist wite nen  
He see a boat an' six big men  
'At's been a-shootin' ducks: An' so  
He skeered them out the boat, you know,  
An' ist jumped in—an' Snake *he* tried  
To jump in, too, but falled outside  
Where all the water wuz; an' so  
The Bear grabs one the things you row  
The boat wiv an' ist whacks the head  
Of the old Snake an' kills him dead!—



## A BEAR FAMILY

An' when he's killed him dead, w'y, nen  
*The old Snake's drowned dead again!*  
Nen Bear set in the boat an' bowed  
His back an' rowed—an' rowed—an' rowed—  
Till he's safe home—so tired he can't  
Do nothin' but lay there an' pant  
An' tell his childern, "Bresh my coat!"  
An' tell his wife, "Go chain my boat!"  
An' they're so glad he's back, they say  
"They *knowed* he's comin' thataway  
To ist su'prise the dear ones there!"  
An' Jim an' Jo they dried his hair  
An' pulled the burs out; an' their ma  
She ist set there an' helt his paw  
Till he wuz sound asleep, an' nen  
She telled him she won't scold again—  
Never—never—never—  
Ferever an' ferever!



## THE KING OF OO-RINKTUM-JING

DAINTY Baby Austin!  
Your Daddy's gone to Boston  
To see the King  
Of Oo-Rinktum-Jing  
And the whale he rode acrost on!

Boston Town's a city:  
But O it's such a pity!—  
They'll greet the King  
Of Oo-Rinktum-Jing  
With never a nursery ditty!

But me and you and Mother  
Can stay with Baby-brother,  
And sing of the King  
Of Oo-Rinktum-Jing  
And laugh at one another!

So what cares Baby Austin  
If Daddy *has* gone to Boston  
To see the King  
Of Oo-Rinktum-Jing  
And the whale he rode acrost on?





## GRANNY

GRANNY'S come to our house,  
And ho! my lawzy-daisy!  
All the childern round the place  
Is ist a-runnin' crazy!  
Fetched a cake fer little Jake,  
And fetched a pie fer Nanny,  
And fetched a pear fer all the pack  
That runs to kiss their Granny!

## GRANNY

Lucy Ellen's in her lap,  
And Wade and Silas Walker  
Both's a-ridin' on her foot,  
And 'Pollos on the rocker;  
And Marthy's twins, from Aunt Marinn's,  
And little Orphant Annie,  
All's a-eatin' gingerbread  
And giggle-un at Granny!

Tells us all the fairy tales  
Ever thought er wundered—  
And 'bundance o' other stories—  
Bet she knows a hunderd!—  
Bob's the one fer "Whittington,"  
And "Golden Locks" fer Fanny!  
Hear 'em laugh and clap their hands,  
Listenin' at Granny!

"Jack the Giant-Killer" 's good;  
And "Bean-Stalk" 's another!—  
So's the one of "Cinderell' "  
And her old godmother;—  
That-un's best of all the rest—  
Bestest one of any,—  
Where the mices scampers home  
Like we runs to Granny!



## GRANNY

Granny's come to our house,  
Ho! my lawzy-daisy!  
All the childern round the place  
Is ist a-runnin' crazy!  
Fetched a cake fer little Jake,  
And fetched a pie fer Nanny,  
And fetched a pear fer all the pack  
That runs to kiss their Granny!





## THE BEAR STORY

THAT ALEX "IST MAKED UP HIS-OWN-SE'F"

W'Y, WUNST they wuz a Little Boy went out  
In the woods to shoot a Bear. So, he went out  
'Way in the grea'-big woods—he did.—An' he  
Wuz goin' along—an' goin' along, you know,  
An' purty soon he heerd somepin' go "*Woooh!*"—  
Ist thataway—"Woo-oooh!" An' he wuz *skeered*,  
He wuz. An' so he runned an' clumbed a tree—  
A grea'-big tree, he did,—a sicka-*more* tree.  
An' nen he heerd it ag'in: an' he looked round,  
An' 't'uz a Bear!—a grea'-big shore-'nuff Bear!—  
No: 't'uz *two* Bears, it wuz—two grea'-big Bears—  
One of 'em wuz—ist *one's* a grea'-big Bear.—



## THE BEAR STORY

But they ist *boff* went “*Woooh!*”—An’ here *they* come  
To climb the tree an’ git the Little Boy  
An’ eat him up!

An’ nen the Little Boy  
He ’uz skeered worse’n ever! An’ here come  
The grea’-big Bear a-climbin’ th’ tree to git  
The Little Boy an’ eat him up—Oh, *no!*—  
It ’uzn’t the *Big* Bear ’at clumb the tree—  
It ’uz the *Little* Bear. So here *he* come  
Climbin’ the tree—an’ climbin’ the tree! Nen when  
He git wite *clos’t* to the Little Boy, w’y, nen  
The Little Boy he ist pulled up his gun  
An’ *shot* the Bear, he did, an’ killed him dead!  
An’ nen the Bear he falled clean on down out  
The tree—away clean to the ground, he did—  
*Spling-splung!* he falled *plum* down, an’ killed him,  
too!

An’ lit wite side o’ where the *Big* Bear’s at.

An’ nen the Big Bear’s awful mad, you bet!—  
’Cause—’cause the Little Boy he shot his gun  
An’ killed the *Little* Bear.—’Cause the *Big* Bear  
He—he ’uz the Little Bear’s Papa.—An’ so here  
*He* come to climb the big old tree an’ git  
The Little Boy an’ eat him up! An’ when  
The Little Boy he saw the *grea’-big* Bear  
A-comin’, he ’uz badder skeered, he wuz,

## THE BEAR STORY

Than *any* time! An' so he think he'll climb  
Up *higher*—'way up higher in the tree  
Than the old *Bear* kin climb, you know.—But he—  
He *can't* climb higher 'an old *Bears* kin climb,—  
'Cause Bears kin climb up higher in the trees  
Than any little Boys in all the Wo-r-r-ld!

An' so here come the grea'-big Bear, he did,—  
A-climbin' up—and up—an' up the tree, to git  
The Little Boy an' eat him up! An' so  
The Little Boy he clumbed on higher, an' higher,  
An' higher up the tree—an' higher—an' higher—  
An' higher'n iss-here *house* is!—An' here come  
The old Bear—clos'ter to him all the time!—  
An' nen—first thing you know,—when th' old Big  
Bear

Wuz wite clos't to him—nen the Little Boy  
Ist jabbed his gun wite in the old Bear's mouf  
An' shot an' killed him dead!—No; I *fergot*,—  
He didn't shoot the grea'-big Bear at all—  
'Cause *they 'uz no load in the gun*, you know—  
'Cause when he shot the *Little Bear*, w'y, nen  
No load 'uz any more nen *in the gun*!

But th' Little Boy clumbed *higher* up, he did—  
He clumbed *lots* higher—an' on up *higher*—an'  
higher



## THE BEAR STORY

An' *higher*—tel he ist *can't* climb no higher,  
'Cause nen the limbs 'uz all so little, 'way  
Up in the teeny-weeny tip-top of  
The tree, they'd break down wiv him ef he don't  
Be keerful! So he stop an' think: An' nen  
He look around—An' here come the old Bear!  
An' so the Little Boy make up his mind  
He's got to ist git out o' there *someway!*—



'Cause here come the old Bear!—so clos't, his bref's  
Purt' nigh so's he kin feel how hot it is  
Ag'inst his bare feet—ist like old "Ring's" bref  
When he's be'n out a-huntin' an' 's all tired.  
So when th' old Bear's so clos't—the Little Boy  
Ist gives a grea'-big jump fer '*nother* tree—  
No!—no, he don't do that!—I tell you what  
The Little Boy does:—W'y, nen—w'y, he—Oh,  
*yes!*—

## THE BEAR STORY

The Little Boy *he finds a hole up there*  
'At's in the tree—an' climbs in there an' *hides—*  
An' *nen* th' old Bear can't find the Little Boy  
At all!—but purty soon the old Bear finds  
The Little Boy's *gun* 'at's up there—'cause the *gun*  
It's too *tall* to tooked wiv him in the hole.  
So, when the old Bear find' the *gun*, he knows  
The Little Boy's ist *hid* round *somers* there,—  
An' th' old Bear 'gins to snuff an' sniff around,  
An' sniff an' snuff around—so's he kin find  
Out where the Little Boy's hid at.—An' *nen—nen—*  
Oh, *yes!*—W'y, purty soon the old Bear climbs  
'Way out on a big limb—a grea'-long limb,—  
An' *nen* the Little Boy climbs out the hole  
An' takes his ax an' chops the limb off! . . . *Nen*  
The old Bear falls *k-splunge!* clean to the ground,  
An' bu'st an' kill hisse'f plum dead, he did!  
An' *nen* the Little Boy he git his gun  
An' 'menced a-climbin' down the tree ag'in—  
No!—no, he *didn't* git his *gun*—'cause when  
The *Bear* falled, *nen* the *gun* falled, too—An' broked  
It all to pieces, too!—An' *nicest* gun!—  
His Pa ist buyed it!—An' the Little Boy  
Ist cried, he did; an' went on climbin' down  
The tree—an' climbin' down—an' climbin' down!—  
*An'-sir!* when he 'uz purt' nigh down,—w'y, *nen*  
*The old Bear he jumped up ag'in!*—an' he







## THE BEAR STORY

Ain't dead at all—*ist* 'tendin' thataway,  
So he kin git the Little Boy an' eat  
Him up! But the Little Boy he 'uz too smart  
To climb clean *down* the tree.—An' the old Bear  
He can't climb *up* the tree no more—'cause when  
He fell, he broke one of his—He broke *all*  
His legs!—an' nen he *couldn't* climb! But he  
Ist won't go 'way an' let the Little Boy  
Come down out of the tree. An' the old Bear  
Ist growls round there, he does—ist growls an' goes  
“*Wooh!—woo-oo!*” all the time! An' Little Boy  
He haf to stay up in the tree—all night—  
An' 'thout no *supper* neever!—Only they  
Wuz *apples* on the tree!—An' Little Boy  
Et apples—ist all night—an' cried—an' cried!  
Nen when 't'uz morning the old Bear went “*Wooh!*”  
Ag'in, an' try to climb up in the tree  
An' git the Little Boy—But he *can't*  
Climb t' save his *soul*, he can't!—An' *oh!* he's *mad!*—  
He ist tear up the ground! an' go “*Woo-oo!*”  
An'—*Oh, yes!*—purty soon, when morning's come  
All *light*—so's you kin *see*, you know,—w'y, nen  
The old Bear finds the Little Boy's *gun*, you know,  
'At's on the ground.—(An' it ain't broke at all—  
I ist *said* that!) An' so the old Bear think  
He'll take the gun an' *shoot* the Little Boy:—  
But *Bears they* don't know much 'bout shootin' guns:



## THE BEAR STORY

So when he go to shoot the Little Boy,  
The old Bear got the *other* end the gun  
Ag'in' his shoulder, 'stid' o' *th'* *other* end—  
So when he try to shoot the Little Boy,  
It shot *the Bear*, it did—an' killed him dead!  
An' nen the Little Boy clumb down the tree  
An' chopped his old woolly head off.—Yes, an' killed  
The *other* Bear ag'in, he did—an' killed  
All *boff* the bears, he did—an' tuk 'em home  
An' *cooked* 'em, too, an' *et* 'em!

—An' that's all.





## THE NINE LITTLE GOBLINS

THEY all climbed up on a high board-fence—  
Nine little goblins, with green-glass eyes—  
Nine little goblins that had no sense,  
And couldn't tell coppers from cold mince pies;  
And they all climbed up on the fence, and sat—  
And I asked them what they were staring at.



## THE NINE LITTLE GOBLINS

And the first one said, as he scratched his head  
With a queer little arm that reached out of his ear  
And rasped its claws in his hair so red—

“This is what this little arm is fer!”

And he scratched and stared, and the next one  
said,

“How on earth do *you* scratch your head?”

And he laughed like the screech of a rusty hinge—  
Laughed and laughed till his face grew black;  
And when he choked, with a final twinge  
Of his stifling laughter, he thumped his back  
With a fist that grew on the end of his tail  
Till the breath came back to his lips so pale.

And the third little goblin leered round at me—  
And there were no lids on his eyes at all,—  
And he clucked one eye, and he says, says he,  
“What is the style of your socks this fall?”

And he clapped his heels—and I sighed to see  
That he had hands where his feet should be.

Then a bald-faced goblin, gray and grim,  
Bowed his head, and I saw him slip  
His eyebrows off, as I looked at him,  
And paste them over his upper lip:

And then he moaned in remorseful pain—  
“Would—Ah, would I’d me brows again!”

## THE NINE LITTLE GOBLINS

And then the whole of the goblin band  
    Rocked on the fence-top to and fro,  
And clung, in a long row, hand in hand,  
    Singing the songs that they used to know—  
        Singing the songs that their grandsires sung  
        In the goo-goo days of the goblin-tongue.

And ever they kept their green-glass eyes  
    Fixed on me with a stony stare—  
Till my own grew glazed with a dread surmise,  
    And my hat whooped up on my lifted hair,  
        And I felt the heart in my breast snap to,  
        As you've heard the lid of a snuff-box do.

And they sang: "You're asleep! There is no board-  
    fence,  
    And never a goblin with green-glass eyes!—  
'Tis only a vision the mind invents  
    After a supper of cold mince pies.—  
    And you're doomed to dream this way," they  
        said,—  
    "*And you shan't wake up till you're clean plum  
        dead!*"





## HER POET-BROTHER

OH! WHAT ef little childerns all  
Wuz big as parunts is!  
Nen I'd join pa's Masonic Hall  
An' wear gold things like his!  
An' you'd "receive," like ma, an' be  
My "hostuss"—An', gee-whizz!  
We'd *alluz* have ice-cream, ef we  
Wuz big as parunts is!

## HER POET-BROTHER

Wiv all the money mens is got—  
We'd buy a *Store* wiv that,—  
Ist candy, pies an' cakes, an' not  
No *drygoods*—'cept a hat—  
An'-plume fer *you*—an' "plug" fer me,  
An' clothes like *ma's* an' *his*,  
'At on'y ist fit *us*—ef we  
Wuz big as parunts is!

An'—ef *we* had a little boy  
An' girl like me an' you,—  
Our *Store*'d keep ever' kind o' toy  
They'd ever want us to!—  
We'd hire "Old Kriss" to 'tend to be  
The boss of all the biz  
An' ist "*charge*" ever'thing—ef we  
Wuz big as parunts is!





## OLD MAN WHISKERY-WHEE-KUM-WHEEZE

OLD Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze  
Lives 'way up in the leaves o' trees.  
An' wunst I slipped up-stairs to play  
In Aunty's room, while she 'uz away;  
An' I clumbed up in her cushion-chair  
An' ist peeked out o' the window there;  
An' there I saw—wite out in the trees—  
Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze!

## OLD MAN WHISKERY-WHEE-KUM-WHEEZE

An' Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze  
Would bow an' bow, with the leaves in the breeze,  
An' waggle his whiskers an' raggledy hair,  
An' bow to me in the winder there!  
An' I'd peek out, an' he'd peek in  
An' waggle his whiskers an' bow ag'in,  
Ist like the leaves 'u'd wave in the breeze—  
Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze!

An' Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze,  
Seem-like, says to me: "See my bees  
A-bringin' my dinner? An' see my cup  
O' locus'-blossoms they've plum filled up?"  
An' "*Um-yum, honey!*" wuz last he said,  
An' waggled his whiskers an' bowed his head;  
An' I yells, "Gimme some, won't you, please,  
Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze?"





## EXTREMES

### I

A LITTLE boy once played so loud  
That the Thunder, up in a thunder-cloud,  
Said, "Since *I* can't be heard, why, then  
I'll never, never thunder again!"

### II

And a little girl once kept so still  
That she heard a fly on the window-sill  
Whisper and say to a ladybird,—  
"She's the stilliest child I ever heard."

# LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

## *INSCRIBED*

WITH ALL FAITH AND AFFECTION

*To all the little children:—The happy ones; and sad  
ones;*

*The sober and the silent ones; the boisterous and glad  
ones;*

*The good ones—Yes, the good ones, too; and all the  
lovely bad ones.*

LITTLE Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,  
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the crumbs  
away,

An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth,  
an' sweep,

An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her  
board-an'-keep;





## LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

An' all us other childern, when the supper-things is  
done,

We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun  
A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,  
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

Wunst they wuz a little boy wouldn't say his prayers,—  
An' when he went to bed at night, away up-stairs,  
His Mammy heerd him holler, an' his Daddy heerd  
him bawl,

An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wuzn't there  
at all!

An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole,  
an' press,

An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' ever'wheres,  
I guess;

But all they ever found wuz thist his pants an' round-  
about:—

An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!



## LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,  
An' make fun of ever' one, an' all her blood-an'-kin;  
An' wunst, when they was "company," an' ole folks  
    wuz there,  
She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't  
    care!  
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an'  
    hide,  
They wuz two great big Black Things a-standin' by  
    her side,  
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she  
    knowed what she's about!  
An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you  
    Ef you  
        Don't  
            Watch  
                Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,  
An' the lamp-wick sputters, an' the wind goes *woo-oo!*  
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,  
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away,—  
You better mind yer parunts, an' yer teachurs fond  
    an' dear,  
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's  
    tear,

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

An' he'p. the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,  
Er the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!





## THE MAN IN THE MOON

SAID The Raggedy Man, on a hot afternoon:

My!

Sakes!

What a lot o' mistakes

Some little folks makes on The Man in the Moon!

But people that's be'n up to *see* him, like *me*,

And calls on him frequent and intimuttly,

Might drop a few facts that would interest you

Clean!

Through!—

If you wanted 'em to—

Some *actual* facts that might interest you!

O The Man in the Moon has a crick in his back;

Whee!

Whimm!

Ain't you sorry for him?

And a mole on his nose that is purple and black;

And his eyes are so weak that they water and run

If he dares to *dream* even he looks at the sun,—

THE MAN IN THE MOON

So he jes' dreams of stars, as the doctors advise—

My!

Eyes!

But isn't he wise—

To jes' dream of stars, as the doctors advise?

And The Man in the Moon has a boil on his ear—

Whee!

Whing!

What a singular thing!

I know! but these facts are authentic, my dear,—

There's a boil on his ear; and a corn on his chin—

He calls it a dimple—but dimples stick in—

Yet it might be a dimple turned over, you know!

Whang!

Ho!

Why, certainly so!—

It might be a dimple turned over, you know!

And The Man in the Moon has a rheumatic knee—

Gee!

Whizz!

What a pity that is!

And his toes have worked round where his heels ought  
to be.—

So whenever he wants to go North he goes *South*,

And comes back with porridge-crumbs all round his  
mouth,



## THE MAN IN THE MOON

And he brushes them off with a Japanese fan,  
Whing!

Whann!

What a marvelous man!

What a very remarkably marvelous man!

And The Man in the Moon, sighed The Raggedy Man,  
Gits!

So!

Sullonesome, you know,—

Up there by hisse'f sense creation began!—

That when I call on him and then come away,

He grabs me and holds me and begs me to stay,—

Till—*Well!* if it wasn't fer *Jimmy-cum-jim*,

Dadd!

Limb!

I'd go pardners with him—

Jes' jump my job here and be pardners with *him!*





### BUD'S FAIRY TALE

SOME peoples thinks they ain't no Fairies *now*  
No more yet!—But they *is*, I bet! 'Cause ef  
They *wuzn't* Fairies, nen I' like to know  
Who'd w'ite 'bout Fairies in the books, an' tell  
What Fairies *does*, an' how their *picture* looks,  
An' all an' ever'thing! W'y, ef they don't  
Be Fairies any more, nen little boys  
'Ud ist *sleep* when they go to sleep an' won't  
Have ist no dweams at all,—'cause Fairies—*good*  
Fairies—they're a-purpose to make dweams!



## BUD'S FAIRY TALE

But they is Fairies—an' I *know* they is!  
'Cause onè time wunst, when it's all Summer-time,  
An' don't haf to be no fires in the stove  
Er fireplace to keep warm wiv—ner don't haf  
To wear old scwatchy flannen shirts at all,  
An' ain't no fweeze—ner cold—ner snow!—An'—an'  
Old skweeky twees got all the green leaves on  
An' ist keeps noddin', noddin' all the time,  
Like they 'uz lazy an' a-twyin' to go  
To sleep an' couldn't, 'cause the wind won't quit  
A-blowin' in 'em, an' the birds won't stop  
A-singin', so's they *kin*.—But twees *don't* sleep,  
I guess! But *little boys* sleeps—an' *dweams*, too.—  
An' that's a sign they's Fairies.

So, one time,

When I be'n playin' "Store" wunst over in  
The shed of their old stable, an' Ed Howard  
He maked me quit a-bein' pardners, 'cause  
I dwinked the 'tend-like sody-water up  
An' et the shore-'nuff crackers,—w'y, nen I  
Clumbed over in our garden where the gwapes  
Wuz purt' nigh ripe: An' I wuz ist a-layin'  
There on th' old cwooked seat 'at Pa maked in  
Our arber,—an' so I 'uz layin' there  
A-whittlin' beets wiv my new dog-knife, an'  
A-lookin' wite up thue the twimbly leaves—  
An' wuzn't 'sleep at all!—An'-sir!—first thing

## BUD'S FAIRY TALE

You know, a little *Fairy* hopped out there!—  
A *leetle-teenty Fairy!*—*hope-may-die!*  
An' he look' down at me, he did—an' he  
Ain't bigger'n a *yellerbird*—an' he  
Say "Howdy-do!" he did—an' I could *hear*  
Him—ist as *plain!*

Nen *I* say "Howdy-do!"  
An' he say "*I'm* all hunky, Nibsey; how  
Is *your* folks comin' on?"

An' nen *I* say  
"My name ain't '*Nibsey*,' neever—my name's *Bud*.—  
An' what's *your* name?" *I* says to him.

An' he  
Ist laugh an' say, "'*Bud*' 's awful *funny* name!"  
An' he ist laid back on a big bunch o' gwapes  
An' laugh' an' laugh', he did—like somebody  
'Uz tick-el-un his feet!

An' nen *I* say—  
"What's *your* name," nen *I* say, "afore you bu'st  
Yo'se'f a-laughin' 'bout *my* name?" *I* says.  
An' nen he dwy up laughin'—kind o' mad—  
An' say, "W'y, *my* name's *Squidjicum*," he says.  
An' nen *I* laugh an' say—"Gee! what a name!"  
An' when *I* make fun of his name, like that,  
He ist git awful mad an' spunky, an'  
'Fore you know, he gwabbed holt of a vine—  
A big long vine 'at's danglin' up there, an'



## BUD'S FAIRY TALE

He ist helt on wite tight to that, an' down  
He swung quick past my face, he did, an' ist  
Kicked at me hard's he could!

But I'm too quick

Fer *Mr. Squidjicum!* I ist weached out  
An' ketched him, in my hand—an' helt him, too,  
An' *squeezed* him, ist like little wobins when  
They can't fly yet an' git flopped out their nest.  
An' nen I turn him all wound over, an'  
Look at him clos't, you know—wite clos't,—cause ef  
He *is* a Fairy, w'y, I want to see  
The *wings* he's got.—But he's dwessed up so fine  
'At I can't *see* no wings.—An' all the time  
He's twyin' to kick me yet: An' so I take  
F'esh holts an' *squeeze* agi'n—an' harder, too;  
An' I says, "*Hold up, Mr. Squidjicum!*—  
You're kickin' the w'ong man!" I says; an' nen  
I ist *squeeze'* him, purt' nigh my *best*, I did—  
An' I heerd somepin' bu'st!—An' nen he cwied  
An' says, "You better look out what you're doin'!—  
You' bu'st my spider-web suspenners, an'  
You' got my wose-leaf coat all cwinkled up  
So's I can't go to old Miss Hoodjicum's  
Tea-party, 's afternoon!"

An' nen I says—  
"Who's 'old Miss Hoodjicum'?" I says.

An' he

## BUD'S FAIRY TALE

Says, "Ef you lemme loose I'll tell you."

So

I helt the little skeezics 'way fur out  
In one hand—so's he can't jump down t' th' ground  
Wivout a-gittin' all stove up: an' nen  
I says, "You're loose now.—Go ahead an' tell  
'Bout the 'tea-party' where you're goin' at  
So awful fast!" I says.

An' nen he say,—

"No use to *tell* you 'bout it, 'cause you won't  
Believe it, 'less you go there your own se'f  
An' see it wiv your own two eyes!" he says.  
An' *he* says: "If you lemme *shore-'nuff* loose,  
An' p'omise 'at you'll keep wite still, an' won't  
Tetch nothin' 'at you see—an' never tell  
Nobody in the world—an' lemme loose—  
W'y, nen I'll *take* you there!"

But I says, "Yes

An' ef I let you loose, you'll *run!*" I says.  
An' he says, "No, I won't!—I hope-may-die!"  
Nen I says, "Cwoss your heart you won't!"

An' he

Ist cwoss his heart; an' nen I reach an' set  
The little feller up on a long vine—  
An' he 'uz so tickled to git loose ag'in,  
He gwab the vine wiv boff his little hands  
An' ist take an' turn in, he did, an' skin







## BUD'S FAIRY TALE

'Bout forty-'leben cats!

Nen when he git  
Thue whirlin' wound the vine, an' set on top  
Of it ag'in, w'y, nen his "wose-leaf coat"  
He bwag so much about, it's ist all tored  
Up, an' ist hangin' strips an' rags—so he  
Look like his Pa's a dwunkard. An' so nen  
When he see what he's done—a-actin' up  
So smart,—he's awful mad, I guess; an' ist  
Pout out his lips an' twis' his little face  
Ist ugly as he kin, an' set an' tear  
His whole coat off—an' sleeves an' all.—An' nen  
He wad it all togevver an' ist *th'ow*  
It at me ist as hard as he kin dwive!

An' when I weach to ketch him, an' 'uz goin'  
To give him 'nuvver squeezin', *he ist flewed*  
*Clean up on top the arbor!*—'Cause, you know,  
They wuz wings on him—when he tored his coat  
Clean off—they wuz *wings* under *there*. But they  
Wuz purty wobbly-like an' wouldn't work  
Hardly at all—'cause purty soon, when I  
Th'owed clods at him, an' sticks, an' got him shooed  
Down off o' there, he come a-floppin' down  
An' lit k-bang; on our old chicken-coop,  
An' ist laid there a-whimper'n' like a child!  
An' I tiptoed up wite clos't, an' I says, "What's



## BUD'S FAIRY TALE

The matter wiv ye, Squidjicum?"

An' he

Says: "Dog-gone! when my wings gits stwaight ag'in,  
Where you all *crumpled* 'em," he says, "I bet  
I'll ist fly clean away an' won't take you  
To old Miss Hoodjicum's at all!" he says.

An' nen I ist weach out wite quick, I did,

An' gwab the sassy little snipe ag'in—

Nen tooked my top-stwing an' tie down his wings

So's he *can't* fly, 'less'n I want him to!

An' nen I says: "Now, Mr. Squidjicum,

You better ist light out," I says, "to old

Miss Hoodjicum's, an' show *me* how to git

There, too," I says; "er ef you don't," I says,

"I'll climb up wiv you on our buggy-shed

An' push you off!" I says.

An' nen he say

All wite, he'll show me there; an' tell me nen

To set him down wite easy on his feet,

An' loosen up the stwing a little where

It cut him under th' arms. An' nen he says,

"Come on!" he says; an' went a-limpin' 'long

The garden-path—an' limpin' 'long an' 'long

Tel—purty soon he come on 'long to where's

A grea'-big cabbage-leaf. An' he stoop down

An' say, "Come on inunder here wiv me!"

So *I* stoop down an' crawl inunder there,



Like he say.

An' inunder there's a grea'-  
Big clod, they is—a' awful grea'-big clod!  
An' nen he says, "*Woll this-here clod away!*"  
An' so I woll' the clod away. An' nen  
It's all wet, where the dew'z inunder where  
The old clod wuz.—An' nen the Fairy he  
Git on the wet-place: Nen he say to me,  
"Git on the wet-place, too!" An' nen he say,  
"Now hold yer breff an' shet yer eyes!" he says,  
"Tel I say *Squinchy-winchy!*" Nen he say—  
Somepin' *in Dutch*, I guess.—An' nen I felt  
Like we 'uz sinkin' down—an' sinkin' down!—  
Tel purty soon the little Fairy weach  
An' pinch my nose an' yell at me an' say,  
"*Squinchy-winchy! Look wherever you please!*"



## BUD'S FAIRY TALE

Nen when I looked—Oh! they 'uz purtiest place  
Down there you ever saw in all the World!—  
They 'uz ist *flowers* an' *woses*—yes, an' *twees*  
Wiv *blossoms* on an' big *wipe apples* boff!  
An' butterflies, they wuz—an' hummin'-birds—  
An' *yellerbirds* an' *bluebirds*—yes, an' *wed!*—  
An' ever'wheres an' all awound 'uz vines  
Wiv wipe p'serve-pears on 'em!—Yes, an' all  
An' ever'thing 'at's ever growin' in  
A garden—er canned up—all wipe at wunst!—  
It wuz ist like a garden—only it  
'Uz ist a *little bit* o' garden—'bout big wound  
As ist our twun'el-bed is.—An' all wound  
An' wound the little garden's a gold fence—  
An' little gold gate, too—an' ash-hopper  
'At's all gold, too—an' ist full o' gold ashes!  
An' wite in th' middle o' the garden wuz  
A little gold house, 'at's ist 'bout as big  
As ist a bird-cage is: An' *in* the house  
They 'uz whole-lots *more* Fairies there—'cause I  
Picked up the little house, an' peeked in at  
The winders, an' I see 'em all in there  
Ist *buggin'* round! An' Mr. Squidjicum  
He twy to make me quit, but I gwab *him*  
An' poke him down the chimbly, too, I did!—  
An' y'ort to see *him* hop out 'mongst 'em there!—  
Ist like he 'uz the boss an' ist got back!—

## BUD'S FAIRY TALE

"Hain't ye got on them-air dew-dumplin's yet?"

He says.

An' they says no.

An' nen he says—

"Better git at 'em nen!" he says, "wite quick—  
'Cause old Miss Hoodjicum's a-comin'!"

Nen

They all set wound a little gold tub—an'  
All 'menced a-peeling' dewdwops, ist like they  
'Uz *peaches*.—An', it looked so funny, I  
Ist laugh' out loud, an' *dwopped* the little house,—  
An' 't bu'sted like a soap-bubble!—an' 't skeered  
Me so, I—I—I—I,—it skeered me so,—  
I—ist *waked* up.—No! I *ain't* be'n *asleep*  
An' *dweam* it all, like *you* think,—but it's shore  
Fer-certain *fact* an' cwiss my heart it is!





## THE GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED PEOPLE

WHEN we hear Uncle Sidney tell  
About the long-ago  
An' old, old friends he loved so well  
When *he* was young—My-oh!—  
Us childern all wish *we'd* 'a' bin  
A-livin' then with Uncle,—so  
We could a-kind o' happened in  
On them old friends *he* used to know!—  
The good, old-fashioned people—  
The hale, hard-working people—  
The kindly country people  
'At Uncle used to know!

They was God's people, Uncle says,  
An' gloried in His name,  
An' worked, without no selfishness,  
An' loved their neighbors same  
As they was kin: An' when they biled  
Their tree-molasses, in the Spring,  
Er butchered in the Fall, they smiled  
An' sheered with all jist ever'thing!—

## THE GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED PEOPLE

The good, old-fashioned people—  
The hale, hard-working people—  
The kindly country people  
'At Uncle used to know!

He tells about 'em, lots o' times,  
Till we'd all ruther hear  
About 'em than the Nurs'ry Rhymes  
Er Fairies—mighty near!—  
Only, sometimes, he stops so long  
An' then talks on so low an' slow,  
It's purt' nigh sad as any song  
To listen to him talkin' so  
Of the good, old-fashioned people—  
The hale, hard-working people—  
The kindly country people  
'At Uncle used to know!













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